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## The fiction master

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## Readers' Club Selection

### MORLEY CALLAGHAN'S STORIES

*reviewed by Robert Weaver*

*Robert Weaver's review of this month's Selection is reprinted with permission from Canadian Literature. It is presented here in a slightly revised form. This article is both a review of MORLEY CALLAGHAN'S STORIES and, at the same time, a sympathetic critical appraisal of the work of English-speaking Canada's most important novelist and short story writer.*

Morley Callaghan is the most important novelist and short story writer in English Canada, and he is the only prose writer of an older generation who might have much influence on the young writers of today. Yet his reputation in his own country has been a curiously fugitive one, and although his stories have been published in all sorts of anthologies and most of the influential magazines of our time, the bulk of them seem now to be surprisingly little known. Two early collections of the stories, *A Native Argosy* and *Now That April's Here*, have been out of print for many years, and recent essays about Callaghan's work by Canadian critics—Malcolm Ross, Hugo McPherson—have dealt with the novels, which lend themselves more readily than the stories to an intellectual framework.

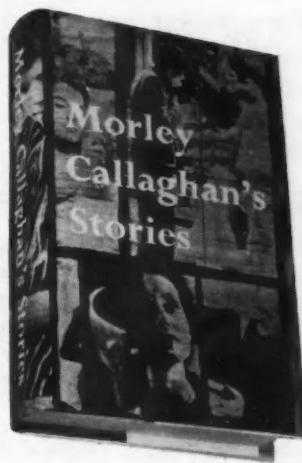
Callaghan's stories are hard to write about: their odd, wistful, lyric quality keeps escaping definition; they require from the reader a kind of quiet, unhurried sympathy that most of us are too impatient to give. And I want to write an appreciation of them—a difficult thing for any critic to do. But the occasion for some kind of appreciation is certainly here in this new collection, *Morley Callaghan's Stories*. It's a fine, impressive

book, and its publisher ought to share some of the credit for being willing to risk a big and nearly comprehensive collection when volumes of short stories are notoriously difficult to sell in hard covers.

One test of a writer is whether he has the ability to create a complete fictional work, and in the fifty-odd stories in this book Morley Callaghan shows us a whole world. It isn't a wide, wide world. It's the narrow, stifling world of a few small towns in Southern Ontario and one section of Toronto—the old, downtown area of the city spreading a couple of miles east and west of Yonge Street and ending a few blocks south of St. Clair Avenue. One of the incidental virtues of *Morley Callaghan's Stories* is that it captures forever the spirit of much of this crowded and lonely heart of the city before the wreckers moved in.

The people who live in Callaghan's part of the city inhabit some shadowy boundary line between social classes: they are not solidly middle class but they do not consciously belong to the working class. I suppose that a sociologist might define them pretty clearly, but I once described them as marginal people, and I still can't discover a better way of identifying them. They are the students, the landladies, the waitresses, the young clerks and their wives, the slightly failed and faded older couples, who belong to the rooming houses and furnished flats of the aging residential streets downtown. (The people in the stories about the small towns aren't much different in status and expectations.) In many of the stories we meet the old, tired priests and the eager young priests of the city parishes. There are no really wealthy people in this world, and Callaghan has a wry comment about that in a brief introductory note he has written for the book. On summer nights Callaghan's people are likely to be out wandering through the streets, and in the cold weather they hurry to the restaurants and bars and other amusements of a city that has always had its own, very strong texture but (until lately) no sharp and decisive character. They are city people, yet they are uneasy, alien, not really settled in to the city; you sense that the city frightens them, that they feel vulnerable—and they are indeed vulnerable.

For one characteristic of Callaghan's world is that it stifles or wears away the people who inhabit it. The atmosphere of his stories often reminds me of the atmosphere of the Italian neo-realistic movies (especially De Sica); it isn't surprising that many of the stories have been translated and published in Italy since the war. Most of Callaghan's people are caught, sooner or later, in one of those small tragedies that are so appalling simply because they are never over. Or they attempt a tiny rebellion against



the restrictions of life. But even the rebellions are subdued and fumbled a little from the beginning. Yet I don't want to give the impression that there is nothing but tragedy and sorrow in this world, and Callaghan does not subscribe to that Catholic heresy that gives the work of Mauriac and Graham Greene its joyless and obsessive quality. There is a great deal of sweetness and innocence and love, an eager, yearning, uncertain reaching out for life, in all these stories. Again I am reminded of De Sica.

There are dramatic stories such as the well-known "Two Fishermen" about the hangman come to do his job in a small Ontario town. But most of the fifty stories in this book quietly explore some common happening in the life of the city or one of the Ontario towns. A young priest tries unsuccessfully to bring solace to an unhappy, hysterical and important woman member of the parish ("The Young Priest"). A father and son discover themselves through a lost baseball cap ("A Cap for Steve"). Two English boys trace out their little tragedy as misfits on a Toronto newspaper ("Last Spring They Came Over"). A whole way of life in an Ontario town comes painfully alive in "Ancient Lineage". The Depression wears away at young couples with too little money and older men insecure in their jobs. Young people make a try at love, and many more wage their own small rebellions that somehow just flicker out.

These stories are North American, but they don't connect Callaghan with Ernest Hemingway as many people would like to do. They are quieter, more human, and less optimistic than most American fiction. If Callaghan's stories are good evidence (and I think they are), we Canadians are far less hopeful than Americans about altering circumstances. There is a sweetness and an eagerness for life (and a failure to make connection) in much of Callaghan's work that has a good deal in common with the stories of Sherwood Anderson. But there is an acceptance of life that seems more European than North American, and that may help to account for the interest in Europe in Callaghan's work in recent years. This book has an odd and appealing quality of seeming at once to come from another time and to be perfectly contemporary. It is the best we have in the tough *genre* of the short story, and it is very good indeed.

MORLEY CALLAGHAN'S STORIES is published by The Macmillan Company of Canada Limited. It has 364 pages and includes fifty-seven short stories by Morley Callaghan. *Morley Callaghan's Stories* is published at \$4.95. Readers' Club members' price is \$3.95.

## An Alternate Selection

### THE POLITICS OF EDUCATION

by Frank MacKinnon

reviewed by Arnold Edinborough

In Prince Edward Island they take their politics seriously. When I was there some three years ago there was a great squabble going on about the education system of the Island and I heard Frank MacKinnon express his views very forcibly to the investigating committee. Now, in *Politics of Education* he expresses them equally pungently for all in Canada to hear. And everyone with children to educate, with taxes to pay or even just an interest in the future of this country *should* read his book. His thesis is stated clearly at the beginning:

"The thesis of this book is that public enterprise is both necessary and desirable in education, but that, as in other state activities, it should be just public enough to remain enterprise."

His view is that this latter condition is not now met; that, in fact, the politicians have a ruthless hand on education and that the unimaginative bureaucrats who work for the politicians are wrecking what chance Canadians might have to get an education worthy of our age. For the politicians make educational policy (although they know very little about it); the bureaucrats administer it without question (or they would lose their jobs); the teachers implement it (but have no say in the matter at all). Furthermore, since the local school is directly tied to the local School Board, there is every opportunity for the public or for pressure groups to meddle and no authority vested in the principals or teachers to resist this meddling.

The real controllers of education in this country, therefore, are not the teachers who are qualified to direct it, nor the politicians who have the power but not the knowledge, nor the local trustees who are told what to do with their money and have to organize their schools to follow a curriculum laid down by the central authority. No, the real controllers are the so-called "experts" who are the superintendents, the inspectors, and the supervisors. And MacKinnon draws to our attention the dictatorial ring of these names.

Are they worthy of this control? MacKinnon thinks not. They are, in his view, improperly trained for their jobs, out of touch with the problems in the classrooms under their autocratic jurisdiction, and so full of pedagogical nonsense from Columbia Teacher's College that they are dictatorial, stubborn, anti-intellectual, time-serving wens on the body politic.

Under their control (but not guidance) the teachers have been quite

submerged and the profession of teaching utterly discounted. As one of MacKinnon's fellows in the field says (and he quotes him):

"The present policy of appointing supervisory supernumeraries, directors, supervisors, special counsellors, and counsellors suggests teachers are comparatively unimportant, though needed to relieve mother of her duties of supervising at luncheon children who should be eating at home, to collect milk and soup money, take attendance, and make the routine morning's report of all absentees to the principal's office, make out involved report cards, teach the material in one of two subjects, and do much paper work in connection with standardized tests often designed and set by people who never taught school."

Similarly, the curriculum has been watered down and so cut into gobblets that education is now a cafeteria process where students file by and are exposed to the same pages of the same book no matter what school they are attending, no matter what background they are from, and no matter what ability they have. This has led to an equation of availability of education with opportunity for an education—two things which MacKinnon properly separates and goes on to discuss bitingly.

With teachers thus stripped of authority in the classroom, and divested of honour and respect outside, we should not be surprised to find that we are perpetually short of teachers with even the minimum of qualifications. And here MacKinnon makes a telling point:

"In medicine and engineering . . . where careful screening, high standards, and comparatively long training are involved, there is usually a surplus of students seeking admission. Theology . . . like 'education' . . . is one of the easiest courses in the university and it involves little screening and virtually no failures; there is also a perpetual shortage of students."

Weighed down then with red tape and sophisticated methodology what can the schools do? How can they get to the point where the teachers can take over and run them so that everybody gets the education he deserves rather than the pap which the Minister of Education and his cronies think is politically sound? MacKinnon suggests that all schools be set up as public trusts, locally administered and linked together provincially by a non-political Council of Education. He cites Crown corporations as a model and, though he mentions other countries, he does not examine the English Grammar School system which his idea closely approximates, and which has worked admirably for centuries.

In this practical part (the last two chapters) the reader may find himself agreeing less heartily with MacKinnon, but he will be left with the question: What else is better? And if he can't answer that, then he had better re-read MacKinnon to help him think something up. For this is a provocative, original examination of one of the greatest problems of our time, and by its very force makes us think about it radically for ourselves.

THE POLITICS OF EDUCATION is published by University of Toronto Press. It has 187 pages, including index. The Politics of Education is published at \$4.75. Readers' Club members' price is \$3.80.

## KLANAK PRESS

by William McConnell

*References to the Klanak Press have been cropping up in the pages of this journal with considerable frequency in the last few months. Such frequency, in fact, that we decided we should track down the Klanak Press and find out who was behind this small but imaginative venture. Klanak Press, we learned, was the creation of Bill McConnell, a Vancouver lawyer, and his wife. We wrote to the McConnells and asked them if they would let us have a short account of their venture. Bill McConnell's reply, printed below, might well be taken as a formula for getting into the publishing business: take courage, add a seasoning of imagination, a generous dash of quality, mix vigorously and, presto! a new publishing firm.*

I think most writers dream sometimes of launching a small publishing venture. The recipient of rejection slips from commercial outlets for material 'for which there is no market at the present' and aware of the many limitations imposed by the policy of magazines, he realises there is a role for the small press in any community or area.

This—and the sheer fun of the venture—was our reason for launching Klanak Press in 1957.

The name, "Klanak", is a Salish Indian word (Salish is that group of tribes who lived in the Puget Sound—Gulf of Georgia area in B.C.) meaning a gathering of tribes for the purpose of talk. Our insignia was designed by Bill Reid, the well-known totem-carver and designer of Haida slate and jewelery.

Most important was the consideration of what to publish. Primarily my wife and I decided to do books which for 'commercial reasons' the established houses could not bring out. Our first venture was a collection of poems by the Vancouver poet Marya Fiamengo. When we discussed

our plans of a press run totalling 620 copies those who knew smiled at our enthusiasm and pointed out that the average sale of a poetry collection in Canada was about 200 copies. Perhaps our inexperience was responsible, for only seventy-five or so remain unsold now, and these are moving steadily.

In our opinion design is just as important as content. Admittedly, good quality paper, creative design, excellent typography and illustration cost money and inspiration far beyond possible financial returns, but with these you produce not merely a piece of printing between covers, but a pleasing aesthetic whole. For our first two books we were very fortunate in having as designer the West Coast artist and typographer Takao Tanabe. The collection of poems, *The Quality of Halves* by Marya Fiamento, received Honourable Mention in *Typography '59*, while our second book, *Klanak Islands*, may be seen this autumn in *Typography '60*'s show in Montreal and Toronto.

This second book, published last fall, was a collection of short stories by eight Western writers, illustrated by four artists. When we discussed plans for this, our critics (well-wishing, but too practical to encourage) really threw up their hands. "Short stories don't sell,"—"Your press run of 1500 will bankrupt you,"—"You can't be too regional," etc. All we can say in quiet reply is that the press run has been justified for there are enough discriminating readers in Canada if you can manage to reach them, and a regional collection once in a while has an intrinsic value and interest.

How do we market? In Canada this is a difficult problem both for a commercial house and a 'cottage industry' like our own. Primarily we do it by direct contact—a laborious but rewarding program of letter and brochure. As time elapses, though, reviews, word-of-mouth discussion, articles, etc. are bringing readers to us. Libraries, too, have played a large role, which is most encouraging as all our funds, we feel, should go into the actual cost of production. Our initial belief that there was a discriminating audience for well-designed books by a small press has proved correct.

Our future plans, of necessity, are nebulous. Once a volume is produced its return finances the next. Our hope is to bring out at least two books each year. In a few months *Rocky Mountain Poems*, by the well-known writer and editor Ralph Gustafson, will be available. We're working on the galley proofs now. As Takao Tanabe is still in Japan studying design and paper-making with the assistance of a Canada Council grant, Ben Lim (one of the artists who illustrated *Klanak Islands*) is doing the design. Charles Morriss, our Victoria printer, says it's the handsomest book he's seen in years.

We're only in competition with ourselves. Initiating and maintaining a small press requires a lot of hard work and entails problems and expense. But the rewards far outweigh the difficulties.

## VIEWS

**Damn the alternatives! Full speed ahead!** A few months ago in these columns (CR, June) we noted that George Sangster took exception to our use of the word "alternative" on the Club's book order cards where three choices were involved. "Alternative", Mr. Sangster contended with vigour, can be used properly only where one is invited to choose between two possibilities. We checked our dictionary and admitted, blushingly, in print that Mr. S. was right. Our complexion subsided to its normal sallow tone. But then, alas, we found ourselves on again like one of those neon signs designed to flash at intervals of maximum irritation. Why? Well, several members took up cudgels on behalf of our original usage—the one we'd ingloriously backed down from.

The first blow came from Douglas C. Henderson of King, Ontario, who wrote, "If you had a little more patience to read to the end of the definition of 'alternative' in your Concise Oxford Dictionary you would have found these words, 'one of more than two possibilities'. This statement is also supported by Mr. Webster who says, '2. Loosely, a choice or offer of choice among more than two things or courses; hence, one of the things so offered' . . . You are thus vindicated in this matter but stand condemned on 'alternate selection'. Since people learn better by doing than by being told, I would refer you to the above mentioned books." It hurts a little, Mr. H., but that's not only good research, it's good learning theory as well. Next in the lists was Jocelyn Classey of Toronto. Her attack was particularly powerful. She wrote, "Merriam-Webster (Unabridged) includes a

quotation from Gladstone: 'My decided preference is for the fourth and last of these alternatives.' I am presuming that the reference is to William Ewart Gladstone, not to some anonymous fly-by-night namesake whom Mr. Sangster would pronounce illiterate." The authority of unabridged dictionaries is weighty enough in itself, but when it's backed up by so terrifying a man as Mr. Gladstone, nothing can stand in the way. Third defender of English as she is spoke is none other than Wilfrid Eggleston, (*The Frontier and Canadian Letters, The Green Gables Letters*), Director of the Department of Journalism at Carleton University, who writes, in part, "The Oxford Universal Dictionary accurately notes that it is sometimes used for a choice between more than two."

Well, newly designed order cards and newly designed statements are off the press; we'll wait in fear and trembling to see what mistakes (or pseudo-mistakes) we've managed to make in the few pathetic words of copy on the new forms.

\* \* \*

Have you seen Arnold Edinborough's "Outlook" panel-interview show on CBC-TV? This is a summer replacement for "Fighting Words" and brings together an assortment of people to talk about a subject under the mild discipline of the genial Mr. Edinborough. The American nominations, socialized medicine, Africa have been discussed in the shows as has the outlook of the Social Credit movement in Canada. In this last show, Mr. Edinborough talked with Professor John A. Irving, author of *The Social Credit Movement in Alberta*, Readers' Club Selection last April.

## AND REVIEWS

When we don't ignore the North American Indian, we tend to think of him as a shiftless character who needs education and discipline to shape him to our society. Edmund Wilson—litterateur and social critic—shatters these com-

fortable assumptions in a soft-spoken but powerful book entitled *Apologies to the Iroquois* (Ambassador, \$5.95). Mr. Wilson undertook for the New Yorker the job of getting to know the Iroquois. His book is an expanded form of a series of

articles which originally appeared in that magazine.

What the author discovered is that there is a vigorous ferment at work among the members of the Six Nations (Mohawks, Senecas, Onondagas, Cayugas, Oneidas and Tuscaroras). Far from being eager to accept second-class status in our world, the Iroquois are going through a patriotic revival of enthusiasm for their own religiously and politically sophisticated way of life. Christianity is losing ground among the Indians and the religion of the Long House is gaining new adherents. White appointed and sponsored leaders are losing authority in the face of leaders chosen through the traditional political institutions of the Confederacy. Treaty rights, violated repeatedly over the years, are being defended in court by the Indians and their lawyers. The sovereignty of the Iroquois state is being discussed and advocated. Occasionally pieces of this story reach the newspapers—usually garbled, often almost incoherent—but *Apologies to the Iroquois* represents, to our knowledge, the first full account of the struggles of these people to retain (or recover) their dignity in a society which has effectively stereotyped them as second-class human beings.

Joseph Mitchell's "Mohawks in High Steel," which is included in this book, is also taken from the *New Yorker*. His essay tells how the Mohawks have created a unique place in our economy by becoming bridge and skyscraper builders. By implication this essay too is a powerful weapon for the destruction of prejudice about the shiftless red man.

\* \* \*

By an odd and happy coincidence, this past season has seen the publication of another book about the Iroquois, a book that takes a different but equally valuable look at Iroquois society. Jessie L. Beattie's *The Split in the Sky* (Ryerson, \$4.95) is, superficially at least, a novel. This is the story of Alex Mason, a young man whose father had left the Six Nations Reservation near Brantford, Ontario. Alex Mason, the central character in the novel, is a young man who was born an Indian but who had lived among the white men from the age of

eight. Alex Mason is an American citizen, university educated, about to become a teacher. On his last summer vacation he returns to the Six Nations Reservation near Brantford, Ontario. "Despite a decade of modern living, I looked upon the scenes of my childhood and knew myself to be Indian", says Alex Mason, setting the central problem of this book on the first page. Although cast in the form of a novel, *The Split in the Sky* is really more of an interpretive essay on the modern Iroquois world. Miss Beattie's characters are fictionalized, it is true, but she seems more at home—more convinced in what she is doing—in her exploration of Reservation life and values than she is in handling her story line. The same conflicts turn up as in Edmund Wilson's book—Christianity and the Long House, elected chiefs and tribal chiefs, White Man and Indian. Both books are disturbing reading for people who think our way is inevitably the best way.

\* \* \*

Marya Fiamengo contrasts the rich heritage of myth and ancient civilization with a present, "republican and sane/ruled by the day into a citizenry of small change" to illustrate her Yeatsian, Keatsian theme in *The Quality of Halves* (Klanak Press, \$1.50). A Canadian poetess, Marya Fiamengo (wife of Jack Hardman, Canadian sculptor) was born in Yugoslavia of Serbo-Croatian parentage, came to Vancouver as an infant, and is a relative newcomer to the Canadian literary scene. Muted greys, still, floating snowflakes, and the hush of a lake at dusk express the quality of halves, a quality usually found in only the choicest dreams or the rarest paintings, here captured in print. Miss Fiamengo tastefully employs every device known to her art to convey a dream-like world in verse whose sound as well as sense invites the reader to render aloud each mellifluous phrase. She has transcended the bounds of parochialism and our modern metaphysical and somewhat cynical poetic tradition and produced a volume of poetry universal in appeal yet worthy of representing our strengthening Canadian idiom.

\* \* \*

The impressions conveyed in Margaret Avison's latest poetic achievement, **Winter Sun and Other Poems**, (University of Toronto, \$2.50), vary with the accuracy of her reader's eye. However, both layman and learned are apt to see a checkerboard of modern, concrete, objective, imagistic impressions and perhaps feel a biting comment upon today's city, "Sticks-&-Stones", in which every evening of every year might well be "All Fools' Eve". Humour keeps pace

with Miss Avison's staccato, prosey style. Although her meaning often is obscured to the point of incomprehension, recognizable irony indicates a confident, well-informed writer whose acute insight into our mechanized age challenges one to intense study of her poetry. Margaret Avison was born in Canada, graduated from the University of Toronto, now resides in Toronto, and her work was made possible by a Guggenheim grant.

## RECENT CLUB SELECTIONS

The following Club selections are available to Readers' Club members at special Club prices. Any of these titles may be ordered in place of or in addition to this month's Selection or Alternate. The Club can also supply its members with any book in print at regular retail prices, postage prepaid.

**ACADIAN ADVENTURES WITH THE IDLE RICH** by Stephen Leacock, **THE TIN FLUTE** by Gabrielle Roy, **AS FOR ME AND MY HOUSE** by Sinclair Ross, **OVER PRAIRIE TRAILS** by Frederick Philip Grove and **SUCH IS MY BELOVED** by Morley Callaghan. Five distinguished New Canadian Library paperbacks. Published at \$1.00 each. Member's price is \$4.00 for all five books.

**CANADIAN SHORT STORIES**, edited by Robert Weaver. Twenty-seven carefully selected Canadian short stories in the Oxford World's Classics series. This book is remarkable value for the reading dollar. Introduction by Robert Weaver. Published at \$1.75. Member's price \$1.40.

**TAY JOHN**. Howard O'Hagan's haunting novel of conflict between nature and civilization in the Rockies. Published at \$4.95. Member's price \$3.95.

**THE SOCIAL CREDIT MOVEMENT IN ALBERTA**. The phenomenal rise of Social Credit in the Hungry Thirties is described and analysed by Professor John A. Irving. Published at \$6.00. Member's price \$4.75.

**THREE AGAINST THE WILDERNESS**. The amazing true story of a modern pioneer family and the miracle they wrought in the B.C. interior. Published at \$5.50. Member's price \$4.40.

**THE APPRENTICESHIP OF DUDDY KRAVITZ**. Mordecai Richler's powerful novel about a Jewish boy from the Montreal slums who dreamed of owning land. Published at \$3.75. Member's price \$2.95.

**THE DESPERATE PEOPLE** by Farley Mowat. A hard-hitting account of the Eskimo's misery and Canada's shame. Published at \$5.00. Member's price \$4.00.

**E. J. PRATT COLLECTED POEMS**. Revised second edition of the works of Canada's best-loved poet, with an introduction by Northrop Frye. Published at \$5.00. Member's price \$3.95.

**FORM IN MUSIC**. On two LP records, Helmut Blume describes and demonstrates the structure of music. Price \$7.95 includes shipping.

**LOOKING AT ARCHITECTURE IN CANADA**. Alan Gowans describes and evaluates our architectural heritage. Published at \$7.95. Member's price \$5.95.

- ONE CHINESE MOON.** Dr. J. Tuzo Wilson's lighthearted but provocative account of Red China. Published at \$5.50. Member's price \$4.25.
- DAYS OF LIVING** by Martin Roher. A young man's search for the meaning of life while he was dying of an incurable disease. Published at \$4.00. Member's price \$3.15.
- ESKIMO** by Edmund Carpenter, Frederick Varley, Robert Flaherty. Words and pictures combine to convey a sense of the Eskimo's view of the world and of himself. Published at \$4.95. Member's price \$3.95.
- A MIXTURE OF FRAILTIES.** Robertson Davies' tragic-comic story of an Ontario small-town girl who meets life in London. Published at \$3.95. Member's price \$3.15.
- A RED CARPET FOR THE SUN.** The most complete collection of Irving Layton's poetry yet published. Published at \$3.50. Member's price \$2.75.
- FLAME OF POWER** by Peter C. Newman. Fast-moving, provocative short biographies of eleven of Canada's greatest entrepreneurs. Published at \$4.95. Member's price \$3.95.
- PEACEMAKER OR POWDER-MONKEY** by James M. Minifie, an authoritative and passionate argument for a neutralist foreign policy for Canada and **THE TRUE FACE OF DUPLESSIS** by Pierre Laporte, the best-selling informal biography of Quebec's late strong man. **A Dual Selection.** Published at \$3.50 each. Member's price for both books \$5.50. (These titles may be had individually at retail price.)
- FRONTENAC, THE COURTIER GOVERNOR** by W. J. Eccles. A masterful debunking of one of Canada's historical heroes. Published at \$6.50. Member's price \$4.95.
- PORTRAITS OF GREATNESS** by Yousuf Karsh. Incomparable portraits by a great photographer, flawlessly reproduced. Published at \$17.50. Member's price \$12.95.
- THE SHIP THAT DIED OF SHAME AND OTHER STORIES** by Nicholas Mon-sarrat. The best stories about men, women and ships by a master storyteller. Published at \$3.50. Member's price \$2.75.
- THE CRUISING AUK**, wry, incisive lyric poems by George Johnston. Published at \$2.50. Member's price \$2.00.
- CONTEMPORARY CANADA** by Miriam Chapin. A friendly American journalist looks at our country without the usual rosy glasses. Published at \$7.50. Member's price \$5.50.
- CANADIANS IN THE MAKING.** A. R. M. Lower's disturbing analysis of our civilization and how it got to be that way. Published at \$7.50. Member's price \$5.25.
- PHILOSOPHY IN THE MASS AGE.** George Grant discusses God, morality, Marxism and the Mass Society in provocative Canadian terms. Published at \$3.00. Member's price \$2.40.
- ROSES FOR CANADIAN GARDENS** by Roscoe A. Fillmore. The first book to tell you all you need to know (and then some) about growing roses in the Canadian climate. Published at \$6.00. Member's price \$4.75.
- A LIFE IN THE THEATRE** by Tyrone Guthrie. The great director's lively account of his adventures on three continents. Published at \$6.85. Member's price \$5.45.
- KLONDIKE CATTLE DRIVE.** Norman Lee's good-humoured journal of his epic attempt to drive a herd of cattle to the Klondike. Charmingly illustrated, beautifully produced. Published at \$3.95. Member's price \$3.00.

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